

HERGÉ



THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE RED SEA SHARKS



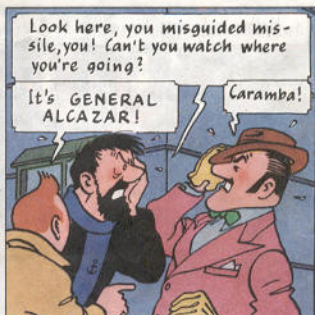
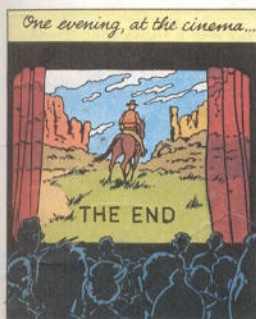
darkfield collection

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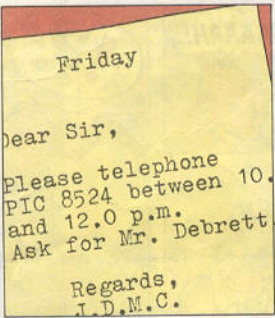
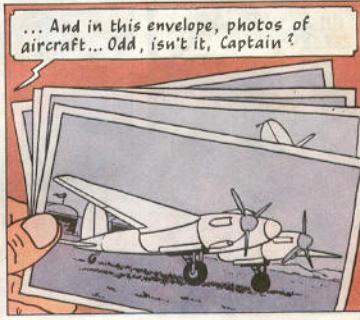
MAGNET



THE RED SEA SHARKS







Can you hear me?... What?... You don't know the name Alcazar?... What about Ramon Zarate?... Nor that?... You see, sir, I found his wallet and... I beg your pardon?

I tell you, sir, I am not Mr. Debreth! I don't know your General Alhambra, and I am not interested in your story... Goodbye!

There's politeness for you!...

Very odd... They don't know of him at that number. Too bad... We'd better be getting home to Marlinspike.

A little later...

How strange. The front door's open...

WOOAAAH!..WOOAAAH!..

Good heavens! My poor Snowy! Who's done this to you?!

I'll get to the bottom of it!

Hey, Captain, what's happened to you?

Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Who's the thundering son of a sea-gherkin who did that?... Nestor!... Nestor!

HAAAAH!!

RRROAH!!

Th... th... th... there behind you!

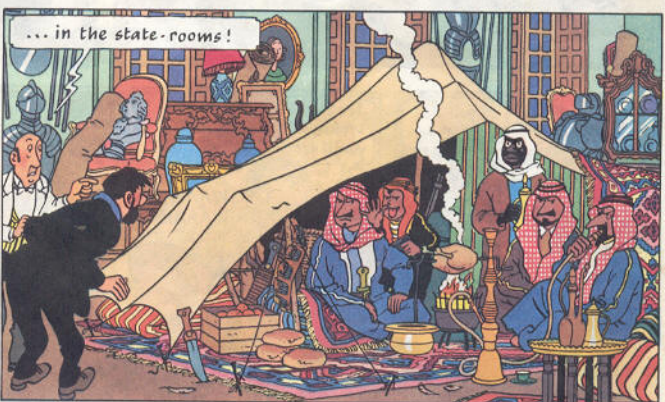
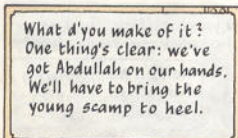
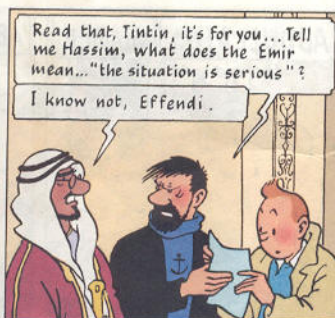




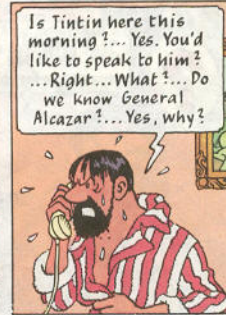
Most esteemed and well-beloved friend,

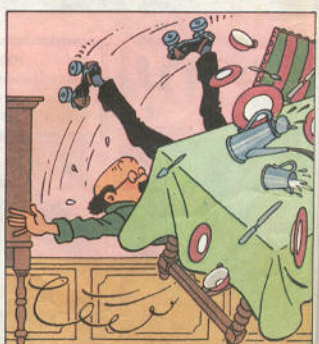
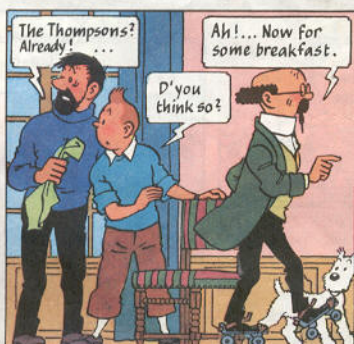
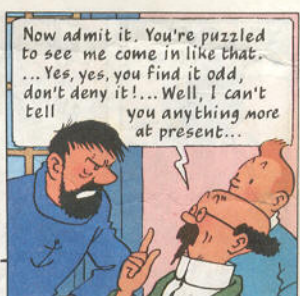
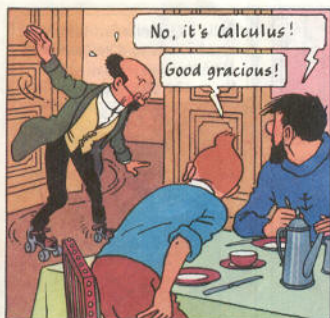
I entrust to you my son Abdullah, for improve his English. Here the situation is serious. Should any misfortune befall me I count on you, my friend, to care for Abdullah.

Emir Ben Kalish Zab



The next morning...







You thundering nitwitted numskull you! Haven't you finished acting the goat yet?



Who rang, Nestor?

I found no one the first time, sir. But the second time, I saw Abdullah running away.



RRRRING

I bet that's him! But he won't get away with it this time. Nestor, go and bring the hose-pipe!



Now... as soon as he rings, you open the door, and then: pssshht!... We'll get a good laugh!



That's it!... Quick, open up, Nestor!



I... I'm dreadfully sorry!... Please forgive me! You see, it's Abdullah's fault. The young rascalion kept ringing the bell...

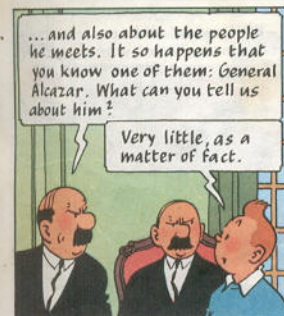


Ha! ha! ha! ha!



A few minutes later...

Well, here's the position. Interpol have asked us to keep an eye on a man called Dawson, and to collect all the information we can about his activities...

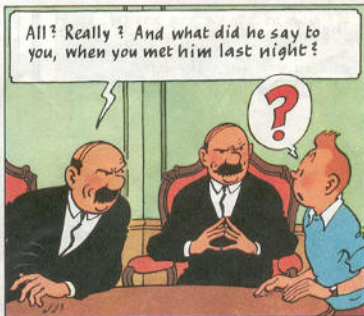


... and also about the people he meets. It so happens that you know one of them: General Alcazar. What can you tell us about him?

Very little, as a matter of fact.



I knew him when he was President of the Republic of San Theodoros. I met him later, in Europe. He'd been deposed by his rival, General Tapioca, and had fled from his country. He'd become a knife-thrower on the music-halls... That's all.



All? Really? And what did he say to you, when you met him last night?

Aha! That surprised you, eh? You forget, my friend, in our job there's nothing we don't know.

To be precise: we know nothing in our job!



It's true that we met him last night. I was going to tell you... He said he was travelling, he was in a hurry, and he was staying at the Hotel...er... the Hotel...

Excelsior; yes, we know.



Oh? Well, that's the lot... He didn't say anything else... But what have you against him? What do you suspect?

Why are we suspect? I mean, what do we suspect? My dear fellow, if you imagine we'll tell you he's smuggling aircraft, you're much mistaken. "Mum's the word", that's our motto.



Well said!... To be precise: "Dumb's the word", that's our motto. The general may have come to Europe to buy up old aircraft, but you won't learn that from us! Now we must be going. Goodbye, Tintin.

Goodbye.



Ah! Here comes Nestor with our hats and sticks.



What a very peculiar thing: my hat has shrunk.

How strange. With me it's the opposite; I've got a swollen head...



Oh, I see. We've got muddled up. You have my hat and I have yours.

That's it: our hats are in a huddle. In short, we're contrarywise...



But it still isn't right!

Nor is mine!



May I see?... You can bet Abdullah's behind this... Abdullahah?



There!... I thought as much. It's an old joke: newspapers folded up and slipped into the band.



A little later on...

Abdullah and his tricks!



Well, what did our Siamese twins want?



Just read this advertisement I've found in an old newspaper!



FOR SALE
AIRCRAFT, TANKS,
SUBMARINES ETC
Further particulars
from J.D.M.C., Box
No. 5083, DR
EXPORT CO. LTD.
invited from

Extraordinary!... Why don't they add: "on easy terms". You'll see, we'll end up buying a battleship or the 'Queen Mary' on the never-never!



Maybe. But did you notice the initials?

J.D.M.C.... J.D.M.C.
... Thundering typhoons! Alcazar's wallet! The signature on that letter!



Precisely!

No doubt about it: the general's here to buy armaments. But that's no reason for failing to return his wallet. And since Thompson and Thomson have kindly told us the right address...



I'll come with you.

Later, at the Hotel Excelsior...

General Alcazar? Yes, he's here, sir. I just saw him go past. You'll find him in the lounge.



Thank you.



There...



Look... he's talking to someone. But... good heavens! It's Dawson. I've met him before. He was police chief in the International Settlement in Shanghai.



And there in the background, lurking behind their newspapers...
The Thompsons!

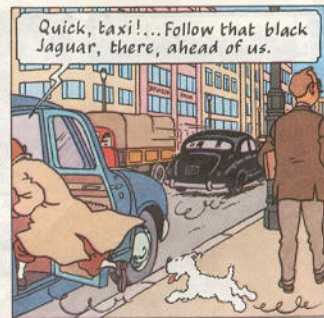


This all looks pretty fishy; I'd like to know a bit more about it. Listen, Captain; you stay here, and as soon as Dawson goes, you return General Alcazar's wallet. I'll follow Dawson. We'll meet at Marlinspike.

O.K.



There he is... getting into that black Jaguar.



Quick, taxi!... Follow that black Jaguar, there, ahead of us.



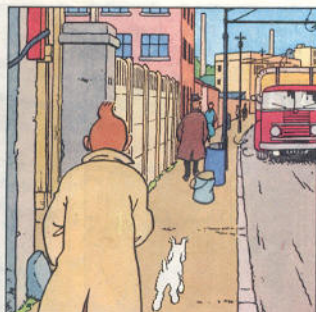
Where are we off to now?

Fifteen minutes later...

We're on the outskirts of town already... Ah, he's slowing down. He's going to turn off.



This is it, driver. Stop!



Oh! A watchman!



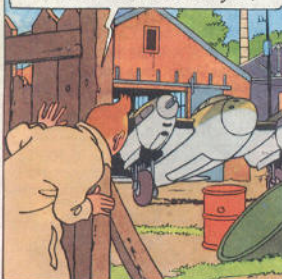
How can I get in without being seen?... Perhaps... Yes, I know...



We're over the first hurdle. Now let's see...



Aircraft! So we were right!



Careful! Footsteps!



'Morning guv'. Seen the "Reporter" today?... No?. Well, read that...



Aha! Bravo!... The Mosquitoes we sold them did a grand job. Those boys know how to make use of them!



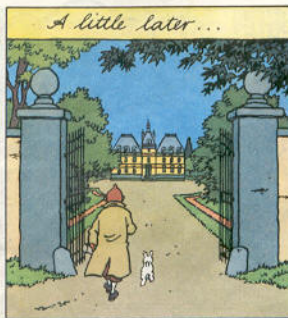
How right you are! Any news from Alcazar?

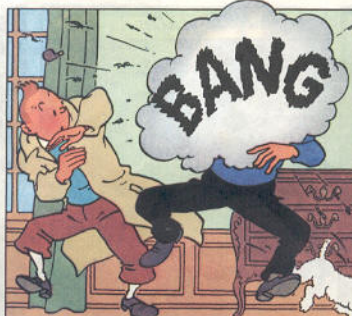
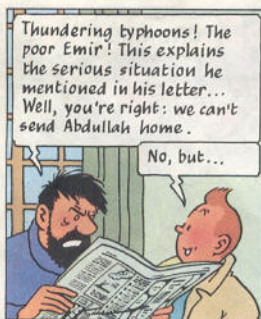
It's in the bag! Twelve Mosquitoes there, too. To help him chuck out his rival, General Tapioca... Suits us. Let them fight. So long as we can unload our junk on them, why worry?



You've said it!... Well, I'll see to the packing of those DC3 spares for Arabair. Now that they've got the green light over there, they're going to need them. It looks to me...







A youngster with a white dog? That reminds me of something...but what?



RRRRING
RRRRING



Hello?... Who's that?...
Oh, it's you, General...
What?... Oh, your wallet
... You've got it back?



Yes, they bring him back.
This Captain Haddock, who
I meet yesterday with one
of my friends... Tintin...
Qué?... Si, Tintin. You know
him?... Qué? The telephone
call you receive last night?
... Yes, it was him. He find
your number in my
wallet.



Tintin!... So he's the
one sticking his nose
into my business!... I'll
soon take care of him.
...



The airport at Wadesdah, capital
of Khemed, three days later...



Here comes the
plane from Beirut.



You understand? If he's aboard, you put
this briefcase in the baggage compartment.



I'm not sorry to get here... With these old
crates you can never be sure...



I say, have you noticed?... Armed
men all over the place.

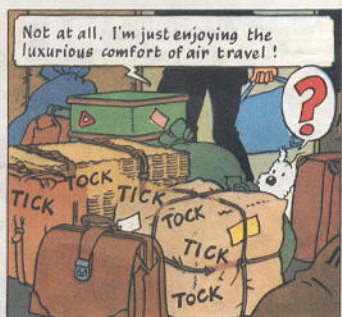
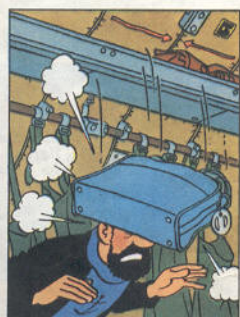


Passports, please gentlemen.



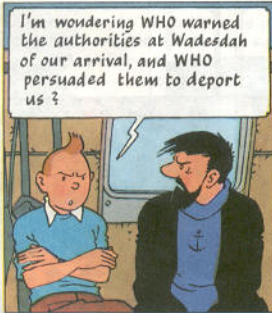
I am sorry, gentlemen: you have no
permit to stay in Khemed. You must re-
board the plane, and return to Beirut.







Golly! I can smell trouble. There's something sinister going on here. I must warn Tintin at once.



I'm wondering WHO warned the authorities at Wadesdah of our arrival, and WHO persuaded them to deport us?



Hello, Snowy, what's the matter?

WOAH!
WOAH!



Here, will you stop that! You know, he... yes, he wants to show me something. All right, I'll follow you...



WOAH!
WOAH!



In there? It's the luggage. You want me to go in? All right, I'm coming.

Woah!
Woah!



PH-E-E-E-T

?



PH-E-E-E-T

What's that siren for?



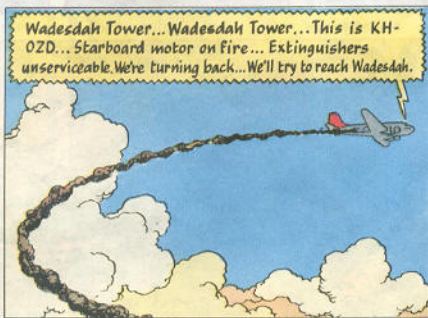
الخبر بيقع



An engine on fire! That's the alarm for the extinguishers!



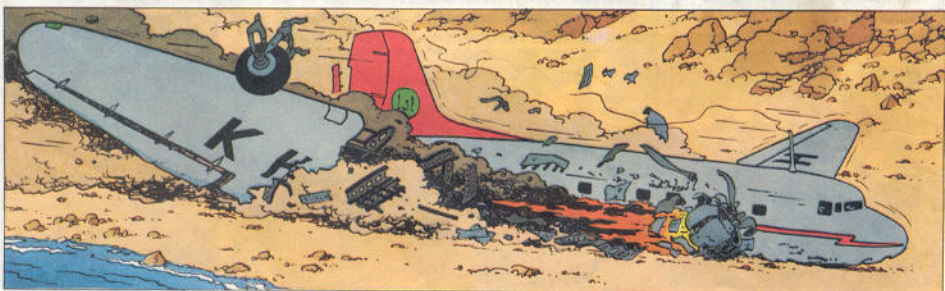
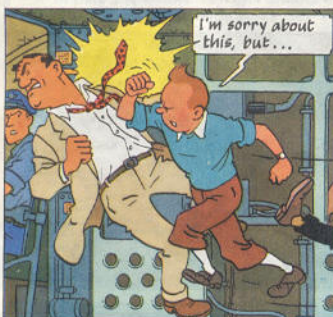
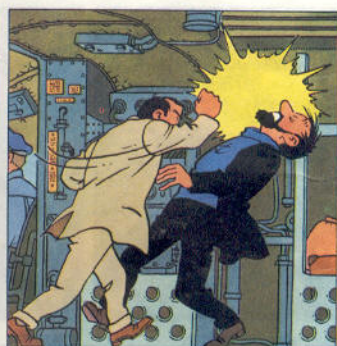
Thundering typhoons! The extinguishers haven't worked; it's burning more fiercely than ever!

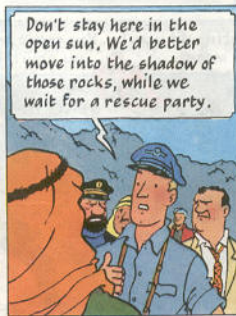
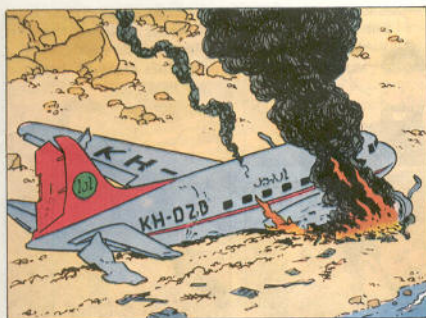


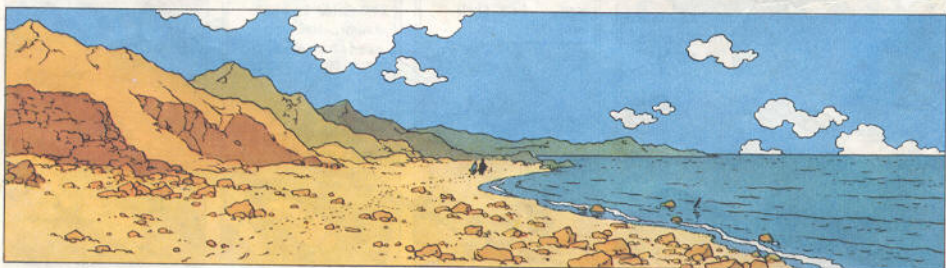
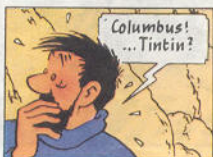
Wadesdah Tower...Wadesdah Tower...This is KH-02D... Starboard motor on fire... Extinguishers unserviceable. We're turning back... We'll try to reach Wadesdah.



It's no good! It's too heavy. I shall just have to...







When we get to Wadesdah, we'll seek shelter with our old friend Senhor Oliveira de Figueira.



We mustn't run into the rescue party on the way... As soon as our disappearance is reported, they'll start searching for us.



Night has fallen...

I've had enough of this little jaunt!... If we go on much longer I'll be on my knees! If only I could lie down!



Lie down? We simply must reach Wadesdah before dawn, Captain. Lying down is out of the question.



Quick, lie down!

Make up your mind... shall I lie down, or not?



A patrol! I'm sure they're out looking for us.



Halt!... Who goes there?



I heard a noise... a sort of rumbling...

It's just an aeroplane... Listen.



For heaven's sake stop snoring!

Me, snoring? I didn't hear anything.



Whew!... They've gone.

Oh, good... ZZZ...



Come on, Captain, get up. We're moving on.

I'll have my breakfast in bed, Nestor... ZZZ... ZZZ...

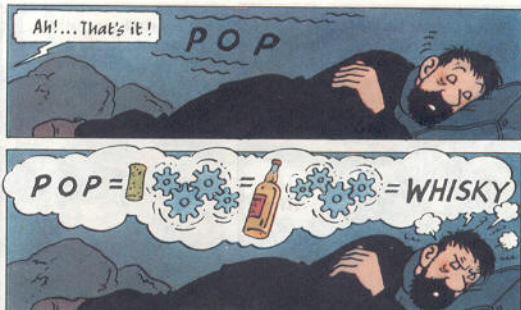


It isn't Nestor, Captain, it's Tintin!... Get up, hurry!



What on earth can I do? Let's hope they don't come back...







I... What was that?... Er... forgive me... I... I think I was dreaming... A nightmare... Pirates...

Oh, well...

I'll light up. That'll help me to stay awake.

Good idea.

Where was I?... Oh yes... I was saying that six months ago, as a result of an agreement between the Emir and Arabair, Wadesdah became an important link in the air route to Mecca. Then, a few weeks ago, it seems that trouble blew up between Arabair and the Emir. The situation began to deteriorate...

... As if by chance, trouble flared up all over the country, and Sheik Bab El Ehr took command of the rebels. These rebels were supported by a powerful air force which, so to speak, came out of the blue. The rebels marched on Wadesdah, and seized power.

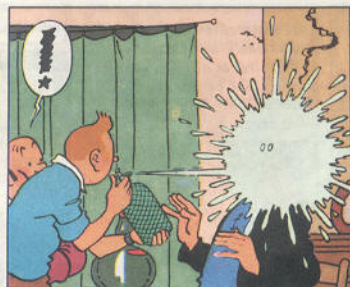
It all puzzles me, Senhor Oliveira. You see, the rebel Mosquitoes and the Arabair DC3's came from the same source... And I'd like to know what touched off the dispute between the Emir and Arabair.

Er... I've no idea at all.

Oh?... Well... We'll go into that later. The most urgent thing is to help the Emir. What's become of him?

He had to flee. He took refuge in the Jebel with Patrash Pasha, whose fierce tribesmen remained loyal.

HAAAAH!...



What... what... what... what happened?

Your pipe, Captain. It set fire to your beard.

Come, it's time for sleep. Tomorrow we will find some way for you to leave the city, and join the Emir.

Yes. Good.

Two days later...

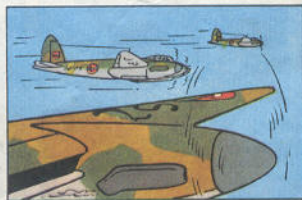
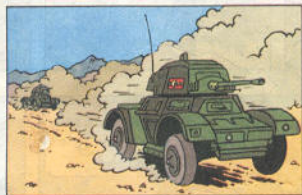
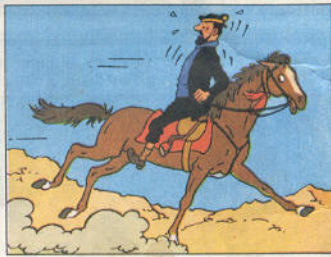
D'you see, there?... A patrol coming...

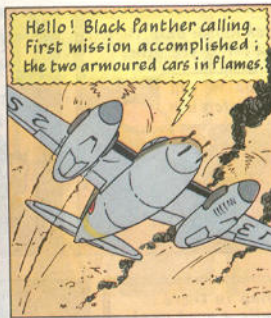
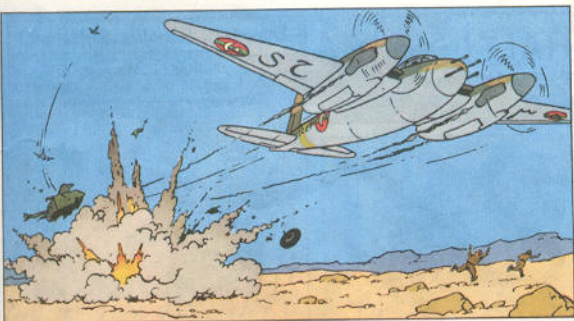
I know... Keep calm!

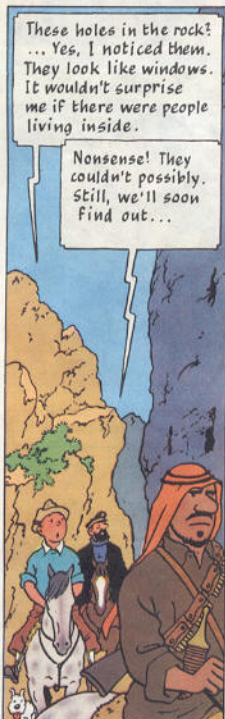
TEN THOU...

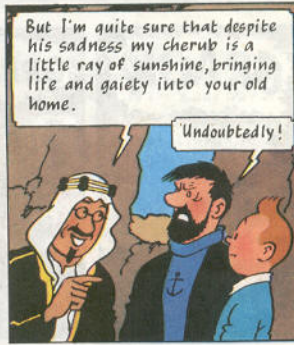
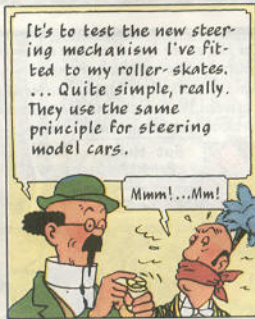
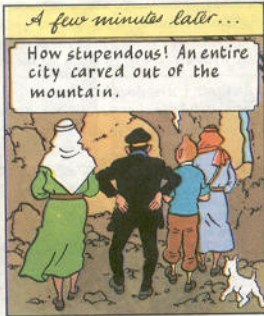
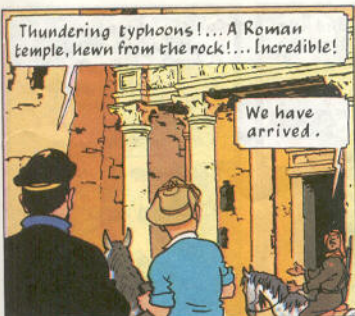












And you, what brings you here?... Come along in and sit down. You must be tired. And you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you.



Well, Your Highness, we are here to try and help you; also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seem to have an important part.

Arabair? The dogs!... They will pay dearly for their treachery... I gave them permission to establish a base at Wadesdah, an important link on the route to Mecca....



One day, about three months ago, my little Abdullah, my flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabair planes loop the loop a few times before landing at Wadesdah...

Loop the loop! ? But Highness...



Nothing simpler, don't you agree? ... And it would have given my lambkin such pleasure! ... Well, instead of seizing this opportunity of pleasing my little sugar-plum, they refused, on some trumped-up excuse...

But Highness...



Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also used another threat: that I would reveal to the world that Arabair are involved in slave trading.

WHAT?!



GRRR...



Slave trading, no less... Their planes touching down at Wadesdah on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Mohammedan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca.

Yes, go on...



On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why?... Because somewhere between Wadesdah and Mecca these unfortunate negroes are sold as slaves.

But that's frightful!



Er... Yes... But to get back to Arabair: these jackals stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, the accursed Bab El Ekr was able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that mangy dog, that stinking hyena, that slimy serpent, that...

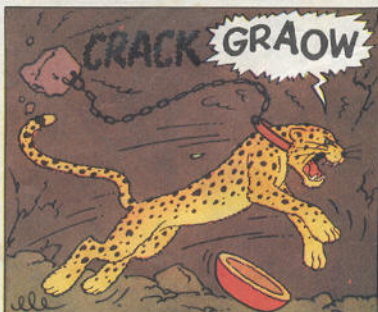


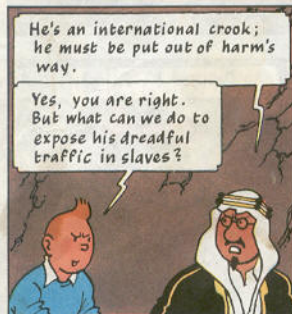
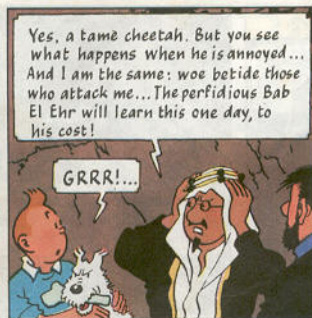
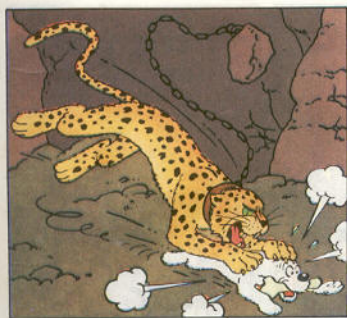
GRAOW

By Allah! ... Let us hope your dog hasn't gone near Ayesha!



GRRRAOW







To Mecca? That's not easy at the moment. But if you will give me two or three days, I will find means of putting you aboard a sailing-ship, which will take you there.

Thank you, Highness.



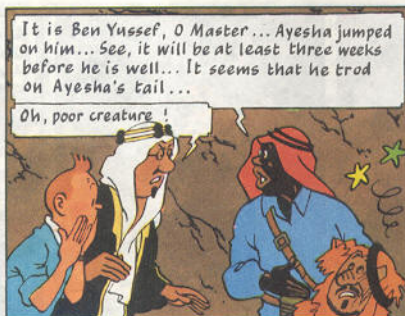
Aha! This will please Bab El. Ehr...



GRAOW!



Again? What has happened now?



It is Ben Yussef, O Master... Ayesha jumped on him... See, it will be at least three weeks before he is well... It seems that he trod on Ayesha's tail...

Oh, poor creature!



Three days later...

There, everything is arranged. You leave tomorrow at dawn, with two trusted men. They will lead you to a point on the coast where a small vessel will be waiting to take you to Mecca. But be on your guard. Di Gorgonzola is a dangerous man.



Two days have passed...

Here we are... You may dismount... But stay while I make sure that the boat has arrived.



He's signalling to us... We can go.



Ah, so that's the tub we're going to board. It's a dhow... No; I beg your pardon: a sambuk.



Look, they have just put a boat out.



Danger! Danger! A mounted patrol!

By the beard of the Prophet, something suspicious is going on over there.

Halt!... Who goes there?



By Allah!... They have stumbled on a patrol!...



Ha! ha! ha! Soldiers? Them?... Don't make me laugh! One shot into the air and they bolted like rabbits!



At dawn...

Ha! ha!
ha! ha!



Ha! ha! ha! I was thinking of those twopenny-halfpenny coastguards galloping headlong! Anyone'd think they were trying to break the sound barrier!



Unfortunately they'll have made a report... In which case...

What a pessimist you are! What are you afraid of?... That they'll send a squadron of battleships after us?



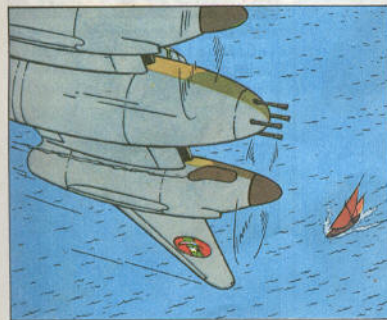
Not that, certainly, but...

But what?

Over there, Captain!... That's just what I feared!

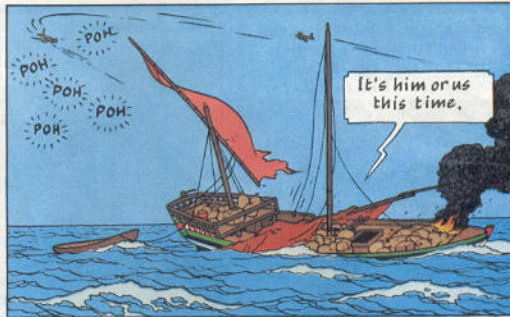
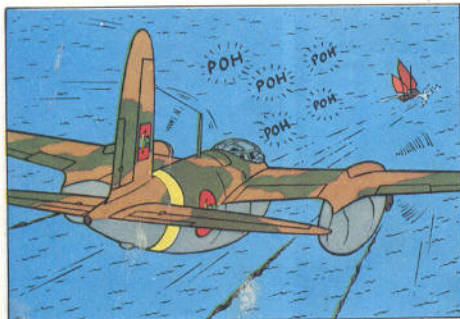


Thundering typhoons! Mosquitoes!



They're coming back!... This is going to be hot!... Everybody down!







I don't know what happened... Some coward hit me from behind.

But who?... We're on our own. The crew have taken the boat and made off.



Quick, get down... That's what knocked you out!



Thundering typhoons! My nose!

So sorry... But there's no time to waste. We must build a raft, or we'll be grilled alive.



A quarter of an hour later...

Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... We've saved two cases of provisions, and no tin-opener; it's enough to drive you crazy!

What about trying with your knife?



Oh! There's the pilot from the plane we shot down!

Him!!! Let him take care of himself... Er... Is he far away?



No, quite near. Here, help me rescue him.



You've done a good job, eh? You trigger-happy thug! Who are you, anyway? What's your name?

Skut.



But...but...my name Skut... Piotr Skut... Me Esthonian...

Look out!... Mind your knife!

What do you mean, scoot? I'll teach you manners, you blithering bombardier. I'll soon deflate you! Ectoplasm!



Er... Oh! Skut... So your name's Skut, eh? ... Er, I... Well, don't let it bother you!



Meanwhile...

Hello! hello!... This is R3 KO... This is R3KO calling K6 VM... Over.



Hello! Hello! This is K6VM... This is K6VM... Come in R3KO... Come in... Over.

Meanwhile...

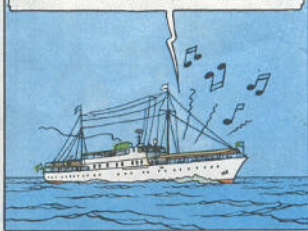
May I have the pleasure of this samba, Princess?
But of course, Marquis.



What an ideal yacht for a cruise!



The "Scheherazade" is certainly a wonderful ship... And what a good idea to have a fancy-dress ball on board... Ma-a-arvellous!



Excuse me, my lord, there is a radio call for you... It's urgent...

Very well. I'm coming.



You see, dear lady? Business, always business. I am indeed a slave... Will you forgive me?

Don't give it a thought.



What an entrancing host he is. This cruise aboard the "Scheherazade" is really too enchanting!



Yes, he's a true gentleman. Naturally, malicious tongues spread rumours that he has a shady past...



It's only to be expected that such luxury arouses envy. One must admit...



Hello! Hello! K6 VM calling R3KO... Transmit in code... Over.



Powerful insects have stung the blue goat. Parasites 1 and 2 are in the bag. Out.

K6VM to R3KO. Understood. Out.



Good... Now for the book, and we'll decode this. Parasites 1 and 2 - I know who they are!

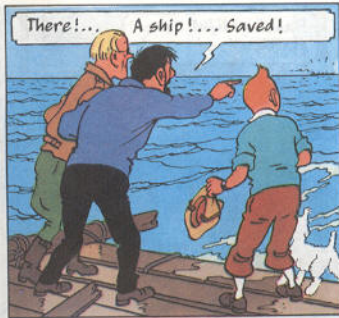
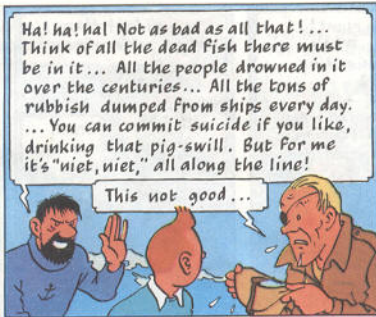
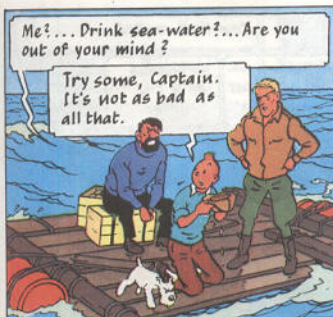


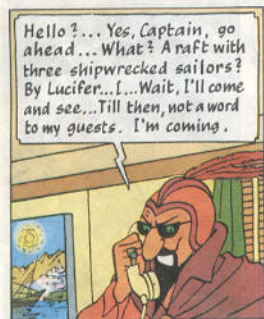
There... I have it... Excellent! Mull Pasha has done well. We're rid of those two meddlers!

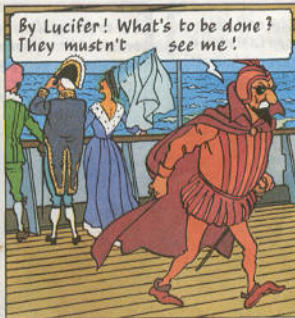
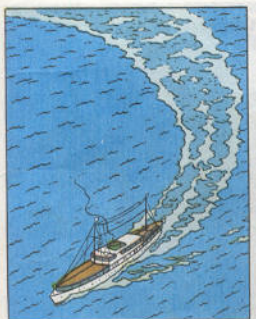
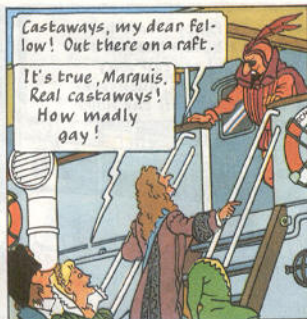


If this goes on, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr. Bombard's diet: plankton and sea-water.









Thundering typhoons! What a magnificent yacht! Whose is she? ... Hey, are they having a carnival on board?



Almost... A fancy-dress ball... And what a bunch they are: high society. I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the nobs.



Per la Madonna! Can you believe it!... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Paddock.



I must go and welcome them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!



In the name of the Marquis di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, carissime mie!



Signora Castafiore!... Run for it! What shall we do?... Hop back on the raft!



Delighted to see you again, my dear Paddock...er... Harrock.



...n roll, Signora Castorilli, Harrock'n-roll!

I'm so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And then... there's the risk of infection, you know.



But my good man, I'm not ill!

A little later...

Well, Parker, have you questioned them?



Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sam-buk, being taken to Mecca...

... This morning, their boat was machine-gunned and set on fire by aircraft from Khemed. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.



Well done, Parker. Thank you.

If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora Castafiore, who knows the two castaways, welcomed them in your lordship's name.



Diavolo!

The Marquis di Gorgonzola's yacht!... It's fantastic... I must be dreaming.

Come on, Tintin... Up in the clouds again?... Hey! Tintin!



They can't stay here on board. But what's to be done? What indeed?... Ah, I have it! The "Ramona". ...She's in these waters ... Tomorrow we must pass one another, as if by chance.



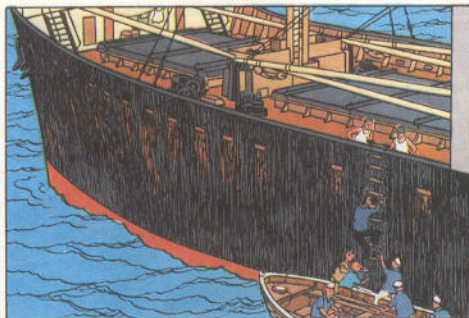
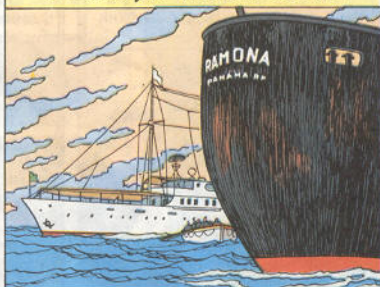
Next day at dawn...

Get dressed quickly. You're in luck. We've met a merchant-man bound for Mecca: just where you were making for. Her master has agreed to take you aboard.



Er...I... What...Good, that's fine.

And a few minutes later...



So that's that! And now, my fine friends, I wish you a pleasant journey. Ha! ha! ha! ha!



Ah, this is the place for me: back aboard a good old freighter.



There, you two: these are your quarters. Your pal's going elsewhere...The skipper will be down to see you soon: he'll bring you your whisky himself!



Hi, you lubberly scum, not so fast! What do you mean?



This is too much! He's locked us in, the insolent porcupine!



Open up! Thundering typhoons, open up! You ill-mannered savages!



Well, well, you old drunkard! So you're kicking up a row already?



Allan!!





Over? ...



To Beelzebub with the bed-clothes! I'm too hot anyway!



There... That's the answer!



Under? ...



Now for some sleep... at last.



BANG THUMP
This way! Hurry! **BANG CLOMP**
Into the boats!

There, I'm dreaming already!



Come on, Joe!
BANG

Hey, this is no dream!... Those shouts... that stampeding... The engines have stopped... that's real enough!



Show a leg, there!



?



Did... did you fall out of your bunk?

Where d'you think I came from?... Mars?... Blistering barnacles, get up!... I think that bunch of rats are abandoning ship!



Open up, thundering typhoons!... Open up before I get violent!

Captain, this sea-chest. Let's try to force the door.



BUMP BUMP BUMP



Quick, let's see what's happening.

YEOW!



Hurry, Captain, hurry!



Thundering typhoons! The ship's on fire!



Keep it up, boys! Row hard! She'll blow up any minute.





Let's hope this will do the job!



What about the explosion? Is it due for today or... But... but... I can't see any more smoke or flames!



By thunder! The fire's gone out! Put her about boys. We're going back.



It... it's out... A huge wave... I was very nearly washed overboard...



What luck!... Now for those poor fellows below, Captain.

You're right, but first of all...



... [I'm going to try to restart the engines. You go up on the bridge and take the wheel.]



Half an hour later...

By thunder!... The "Ramona" is drawing away!... Someone has got her engines going!

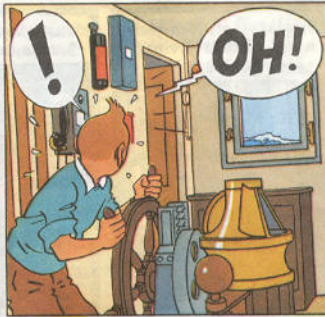


Phew! that was no joke, alone; but she's under way at last.

Magnificent, Captain... And now for the Negroes.



There's something more urgent: to send out a distress call by radio.



!

OH!



Look!

Skut!...
Dead?



No, he's alive... See, he's coming round.

Skut! Skut, old man,
say something!
What happened?



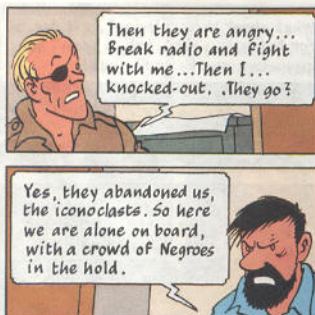
You escape! Hurry!... Hurry!...
The fire!... Ship full of ammunition!
... Hurry before explosion...

Ammunition! The pirates!
... That's why they
deserted like rats...



Don't worry, Skut: the fire's out.
There's no more danger... But
what about you? What happened?

They wake me, to go with
them... Without you... I refuse
... I want to... wake you
... and send radio signal.



Then they are angry...
Break radio and fight
with me... Then I...
knocked-out. They go?

Yes, they abandoned us,
the iconoclasts. So here
we are alone on board,
with a crowd of Negroes
in the hold.



You like... I
can help you.
... Repair
radio, perhaps,
send S.O.S.
...

Good idea... Do
that... I'm going
to make sure
there's no
further danger.



A little later...

No more need to
worry, youngster:
the fire is right
out.



Now I'll take care of
those Negroes. First,
to let them out...



Save
poor
Muslim!

Me ill.
Me dying.

All right!
I'm coming
now!



Hey there!... Let go
of me!!... **HELP!**
TINTIN!...HELP!



Troglodytes!... Sea-gher-
kins!... Pickled herrings!
Leave me alone!



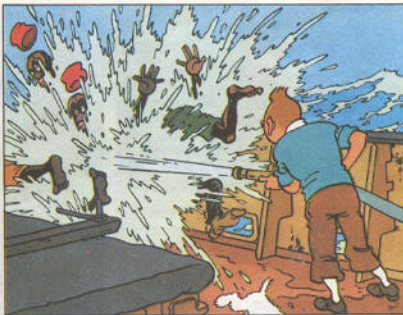
Back, visigoths!...
Back, anacoluthons!



Hang on, Captain!...
I'm coming!...

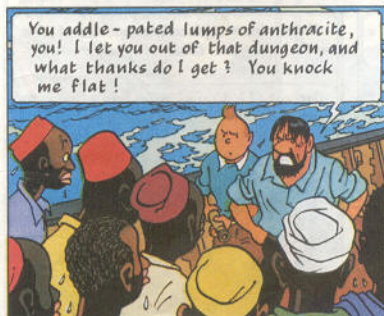


All right! I'm here!

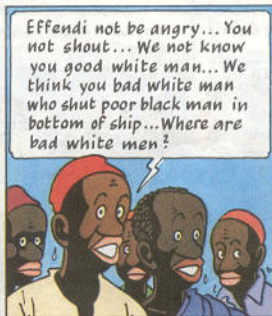


So sorry, Captain, but I had no choice.

Please don't worry:
I'm getting
used to it!



You addle-pated lumps of anthracite,
you! I let you out of that dungeon, and
what thanks do I get? You knock
me flat!



Effendi not be angry... You
not shout... We not know
you good white man... We
think you bad white man
who shut poor black man in
bottom of ship... Where are
bad white men?



Bad white men all gone.
Left us. But if you help me,
I'll take you wherever you
want to go. You're going
to Mecca, eh?



Yes, Effendi, to
Mecca. We good Mus-
lims. We making
pilgrimage to the
tomb of the prophet.



All right, we'll take you
to Mecca... on condition
that you all obey my
orders. For a start, I need
some men as stokers.



Me,
Effendi...
Me...
Me...
Me,
Effendi...



Two days later...

There, if my reckoning is
correct we should soon sight
Jidda, the port for Mecca.
Yes. Those poor fellows...
nearly the end of their journey.



Poor fellows!... Poor fellows!...
You don't still believe they were
being sold as slaves? ... It's
absurd...

If the Emir was telling
the truth, then I'm afraid
that was to be their fate.



Come, come, you've
been reading too
many thrillers...
There's no slave-
trading now-
adays!

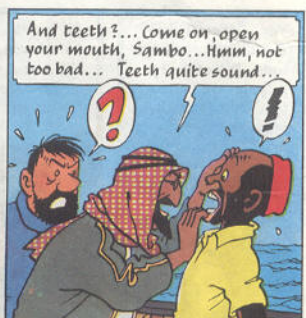


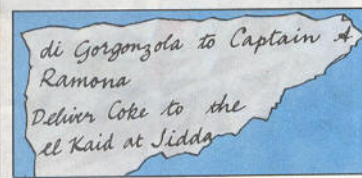
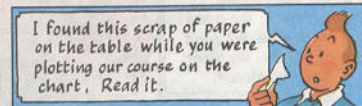
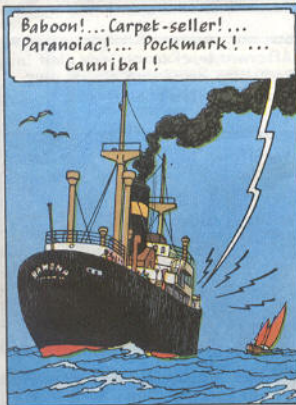
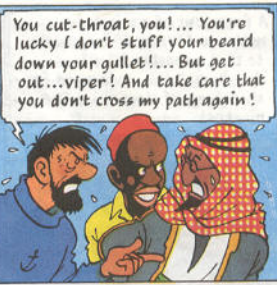
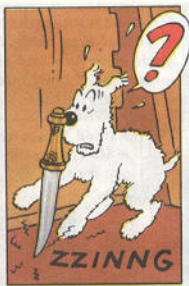
Look, Captain; just tell me this:
is there any coke aboard?

Any...any coke?... But...



Effendi! Effendi!
You come look!...
Ship coming to us...





A fragment of a wireless message sent by di Gorgonzola to that gangster Allan!... And "coke" is a code word for their cargo of slaves!... The pirates!



First, we must talk to the Africans: they must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's madness for them to go to Mecca.

Agreed... Then we must try to send out a radio call...



Getting on, Skut?

Still much work, Captain.



Good... Well, I'm going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

O.K.



A few minutes later...

My friends, listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?

Yes.

Yes.



Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and rejoin your families. Isn't that so?

Yes, Effendi.

Yes.

Yes.



I'm afraid a very different fate awaits you. You saw that Arab who came aboard, and I chased off?... He's waiting for you in Mecca, to buy you and make you into slaves!... Slaves, you understand?



You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab, very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.



Naturally, I realise that. But I repeat, if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?

We not slaves, Effendi. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



But billions of blue blistering barnacles, I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoons, I can't make it any clearer.

You not shout, Effendi. Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.



All right, you boneheads, go to Mecca!... But you'll stay there for ever!... You'll never see your own country again!... Never see your families again!... You'll be slaves for ever!... That's what you're in for, you dunderheaded coconuts, you!

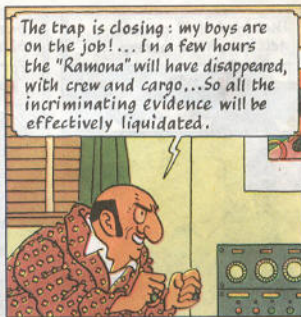
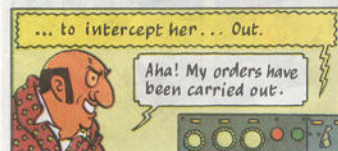
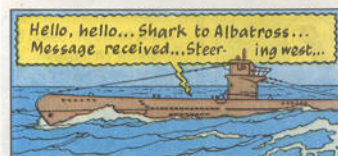
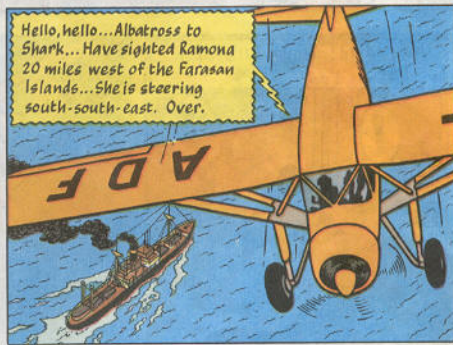
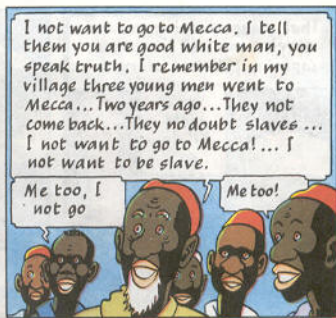


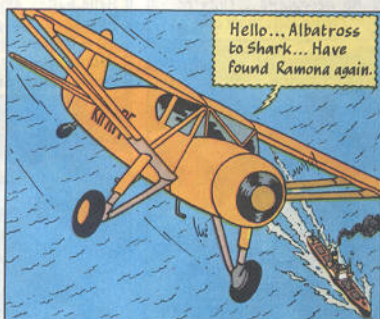
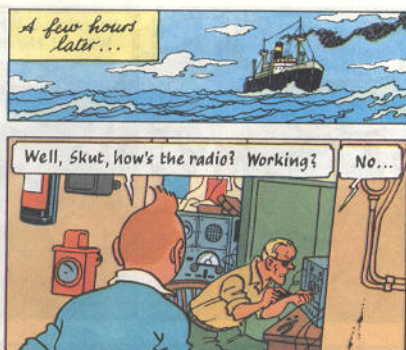
We not coconuts, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.

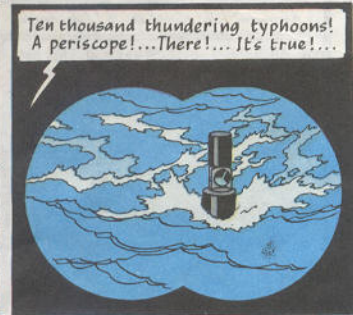


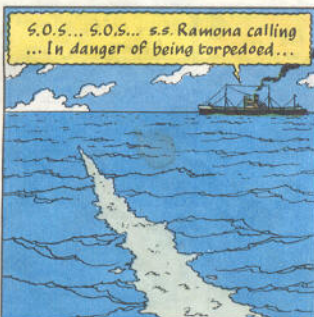
I can't do a thing!... I've tried the lot!... You can't shift them: they want to go to Mecca, stop: that's all!... It's like banging your head against a brick wall!





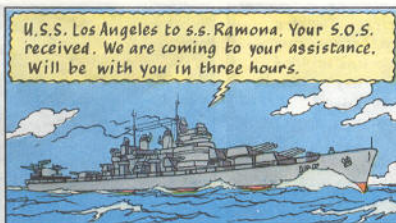








Hooray! Someone's heard our call!



U.S.S. Los Angeles to s.s. Ramona. Your S.O.S. received. We are coming to your assistance. Will be with you in three hours.



We've managed to miss the first torpedo, but we'll probably be done for before you get here.



There they are ahead, to port. This time they won't escape us...



By rights he should be astern, to starboard. In a few minutes I'll turn to port again, to confuse him.



Peer sport 30°... I mean, steer port 30°.

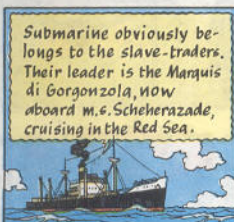
Port 30° it is.



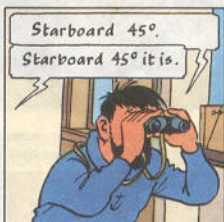
By the powers of Satan! They've dodged us again!



Wait now! He'll end up by turning to starboard again... And then...



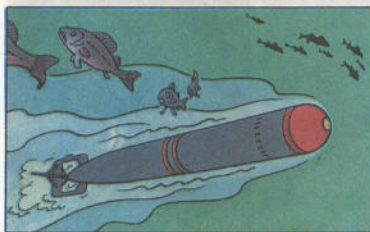
Submarine obviously belongs to the slave-traders. Their leader is the Marquis di Gorgonzola, now aboard m.s. Scheherazade, cruising in the Red Sea.



Starboard 45°. Starboard 45° it is.



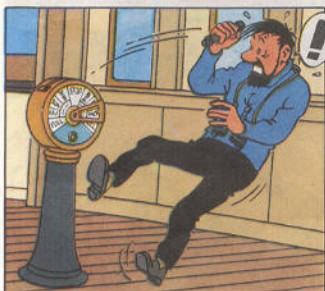
Right!...No.2 tube, fire!



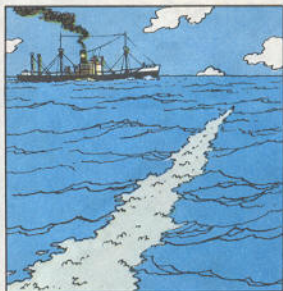
Torpedo to starboard! Thundering typhoons! Quick, the engine-room telegraph...

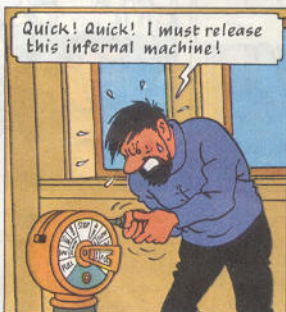
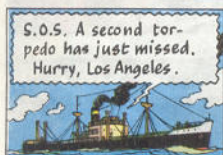


Blistering barnacles! Full speed ahead!



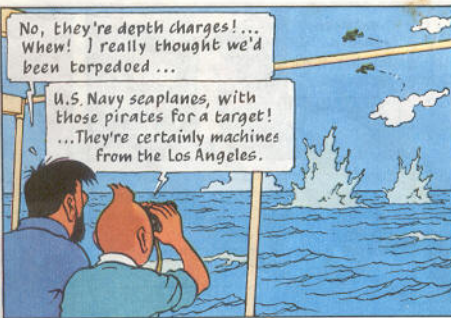
Billions of blue blistering barnacles!







Again!



No, they're depth charges!.. When! I really thought we'd been torpedoed ...

U.S. Navy seaplanes, with those pirates for a target! ...They're certainly machines from the Los Angeles.



Oho! Great grandfathers! What a pasting! ...They'll be as flat as a Dover sole after that!

Wait! ... There, that upheaval in the water ...



Look! The submarine has surfaced!

Yes... obviously they've been badly knocked about ...



Victory! ... They're waving a white flag... They're surrendering... The game's up.



Hello, hello. Unidentified submarine: remain on the surface and stop your engines. One suspicious move and we'll blow you out of the water...



Torpedoes are out of the question now... A limpet-mine on their hull! ... With the ammunition aboard, it'll look like an accident... In you go: you've plenty of time: the mine's set to explode in one hour.



Be quick: they're coming back!

Go!



What a job!

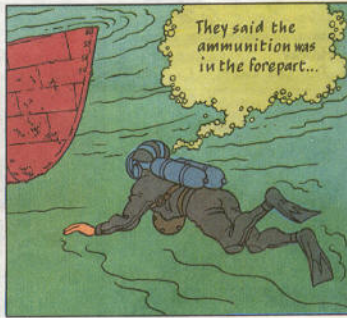


Saved! Yippee! Saved!

Hooray!

Tra la la la laika!

That is white man's Folk-dance.



They said the ammunition was in the forepart...

Meanwhile...

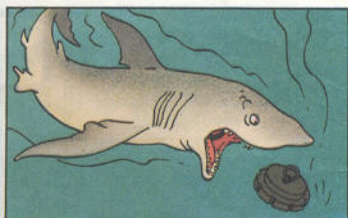
This is all very fine, but we must wait for the Los Angeles. I'm going to see if there's any chance of dropping anchor.



Twenty-two fathoms depth... that's perfect...



Ahoj, there! Let go the anchor! Eighty fathoms of chain.



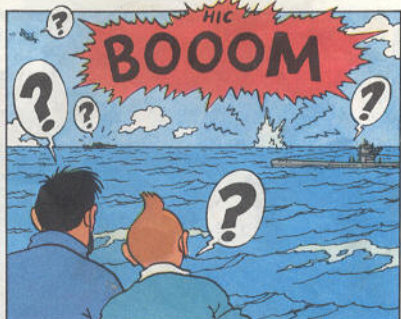
An hour later...

Hooray!... There she is!... The Los Angeles!



American cruiser in sight!

Don't worry, boys... She'll blow up any moment now.



The next morning...

Still no news from Kurt and his submarine... What are they playing at, the fools?



... and naval craft to intercept the m.s. Scheherazade and arrest the owner, name of Rastapopoulos, alias the Marquis di Gorgonzola...



Lost... All is lost!
... But it's impossible!



Hello?... Yes... Come up on the bridge?... I haven't time, Captain. I... What?... A warship?... I... I'm coming now.



The cruiser Los Angeles, my lord Marquis... She's just flashed a signal ordering us to heave to. What shall I do?



Repeat the message, Tom... And add that if they don't heave to immediately, we'll open fire.



All right. Stop the engines. And launch my personal barge. I'll go myself and tell those insolent cowboys what I think of their manners!



Ah, they've obeyed... excellent!... But what are they doing now?

It looks as if... yes, they're hoisting out a launch... and Rastapopoulos is going aboard...



Do not insist, my friends. I will go alone.



... And he's steering towards us!
... Well, this beats everything!
... To have the cheek to come and brazen it out! What a nerve!



But what's happening now?... He's slowing up. He's stopping... Has he broken down?



Great snakes!... He's sinking!...



Whoops! That's done the trick!... Just you catch me now gentlemen!... Ha! ha! ha!



NEW REVELATIONS SHOCK WORLD SLAVERY—IT STILL EXISTS Traffickers in human lives use code-word "COKE"

Revelations in the Rastapopoulos affair have shocked the civilised world. With the discovery aboard the freighter *Ramona* of Africans destined to be sold as slaves in Mecca, the facts are plain: in this twentieth century, slave traders are still at

delivered by ships or aircraft into the hands of Rastapopoulos. Agents of the organization were notified of the arrival of the "goods" by the simple description of the cargo as "COKE". Messages were passed to Jidda, announcing that "COKE" was in stock, and secret arrangements were then made for sale of the slaves.



Happy Africans photographed aboard the S.S. *Ramona* during intervention by Tintin and Captain Haddock, saved them from a hideous

EMIR BEN KALISH EZAB
Restored to power in Khem

MULL PASHA
Revolutionary Leader



Once known as Mull Pasha, he was ousted

CAPTAIN ALLAN

Picked up by Danish Cargo Vessel



Formerly Mate under the command of Captain Haddock, the sinister command of Rastapopoulos

Where did Sheik Bab El Ehr get his Warplanes?

WAR SURPLUS STOCKS ACQUIRED BY DAWSON ON BEHALF OF RASTAPOPOULOS

The source of the aircraft used by Sheik Bab El Ehr to help in his defeat of the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is now revealed. These aircraft were war surplus stocks bought up all over Europe by Dawson, ex-Chief of Police in the International Settlement in Shanghai. This is the first time that has encountered such a shady individual.

Since his return to Europe, Dawson conducted a lucrative business for Rastapopoulos.

UNITED NATIONS APPEAL Delegates demand international control of Mecca pilgrimage transport

Profound shock has been caused in all the Western delegations by the news of the Red Sea slave-trading. Speeches in the General Assembly reflect the widespread feeling that some action should be taken.

TINTIN IN NEW ADVENTURE

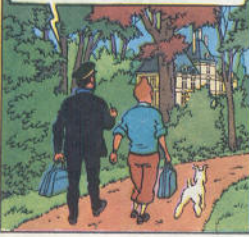


PIRATE SUBMARINE IN RED SEA

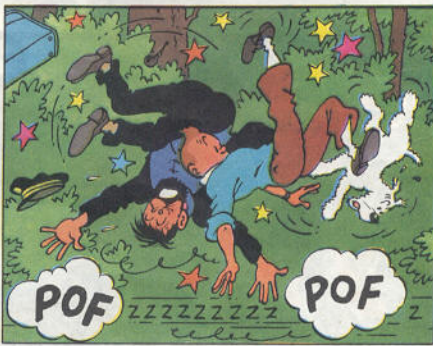
A change of government is again reported from San Theodoros. Alcazar, former Chief of State, has been overthrown. A pirate submarine has been operating in the Red Sea, menaced the crew of the

A fortnight later...

Well, what a joy to be home again, and to breathe the country air...



...and hear the old familiar sounds ... Listen: the sound of a motor; it's the gardener mowing the lawn...





Great snakes! It's Professor Calculus! ... What's he invented this time?!



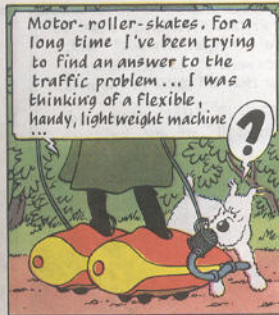
Hello there, Professor! That's certainly a funny way to welcome people!

So there you are! Welcome back to Marlinspike.

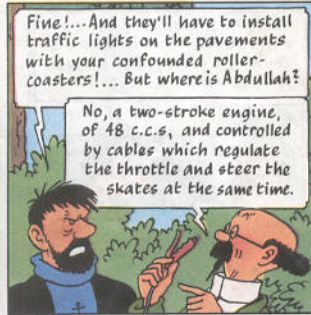


What on earth are those contraptions?

Ingenious, aren't they?

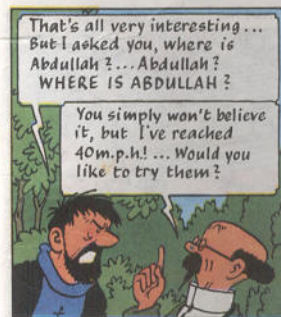


Motor-roller-skates. For a long time I've been trying to find an answer to the traffic problem ... I was thinking of a flexible, handy, lightweight machine



Fine!... And they'll have to install traffic lights on the pavements with your confounded roller-coasters!... But where is Abdullah?

No, a two-stroke engine, of 48 c.c.s., and controlled by cables which regulate the throttle and steer the skates at the same time.



That's all very interesting... But I asked you, where is Abdullah? ... Abdullah? WHERE IS ABDULLAH?

You simply won't believe it, but I've reached 40m.p.h.! ... Would you like to try them?



Oh, sir!!... Oh, how glad I am to see you back, sir!!

Hello, Nestor, I... But my poor Nestor, what's happened to you?



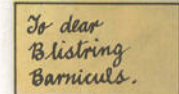
I... I fear that Master Abdullah's visit was not very good for me... But things are better now... He and his retinue departed yesterday. He left a note for you.



Poor Nestor!... A real demon, that boy. Let's see what he's written to us.



Can't he use my proper name?



To dear Blistering Barnacles.



"My dear Blistering Barnacles, I have been very good. I haven't played any jokes. Papa wrote to me. I must go home. That's sad, because it is fun at Marlinspike. With love from Abdullah."



Very sweet, eh?... Nestor's just been fussing about a little innocent childish mischief.

